



Valentine's Day by teej.318

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Summary: Will Byers is dreading Valentine's Day and even wants to skip school to avoid all of the fake displays of love. Little does he know that someone has a surprise for him.

Valentine's Day

Will sat down at the dining table with his mother and brother. Joyce had made lasagna, Will's favorite, which meant that she probably knew how Will was feeling. It was the night of February 13th. That meant the next day was Valentine's Day, and Joyce knew what Will was not a fan of the holiday. Will was grateful that Joyce had thought to try and make him feel better, and he felt his spirits lift slightly as he started eating. That is, until Joyce and Jonathan started talking.

"So, what do you and Nancy have planned for tomorrow?" Joyce asked, giving Jonathan a smile and a playful shove.

Will glanced down at his food, rolling his eyes slightly and hoping Joyce didn't notice. He tried to tune out Jonathan's answer, but it was to no avail.

"Mrs. Wheeler invited us over to have a double date dinner with her and Mr. Wheeler," Jonathan replied. "It's kinda weird, but I guess Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler really just want to get to know me, since we haven't really talked that much since Nancy and I started dating. Mrs. Wheeler is making a big dinner for all of us and then I guess we're gonna be watching some romance movies."

Will glanced over at Jonathan and saw that his brother was grimacing at the thought of watching romance movies with his girlfriend's parents. Will's mouth twitched slightly, as if trying to smile, before he turned back to his food.

"Well, I think that sounds nice, honey," Joyce said.

"How about you and Hopper? Any plans?"

"Actually, yes. El is going to spend the night over at Max's and Hopper's got us dinner reservations tomorrow night as soon as I get off from work. Then I think we'll go back to his place and just spend the evening together."

"You going to have some adult fun, Mom?" Jonathan asked, wiggling

his eyebrows.

Will groaned as Jonathan giggled and Joyce slapped Jonathan's arm.

"That's need to know only," Joyce said.

"Can I be excused?" Will asked. He had lost his appetite, despite eating only half of the food on his plate.

"Are you sure, honey?"

Will nodded.

"Just not that hungry," Will replied.

"Yeah, you can be excused. Put some foil over your plate and you can save that for later or maybe bring it with you to school tomorrow for lunch."

Will nodded again but didn't say anything as he stood up, picking up his plate and walked into the kitchen. He wrapped some foil over the plate before he put it into the fridge. He grinned slightly at Joyce and Jonathan before he walked to his bedroom and shut the door behind him.

Once inside his room, Will collapsed onto his bed, sighing deeply. Hearing his mother and brother talking about Valentine's Day plans had ruined his appetite, though he would never tell them that. Will was happy for them, he truly was. He just couldn't stand hearing about relationships during the month of February because of how obsessive everyone seemed to get about the topic.

Well, except for Mike. The Paladin had always disparaged Valentine's Day just as much as Will, even when he had been dating El. But they had broken up shortly before they started high school, with both of them realizing they didn't truly want a relationship and that they were better off as friends.

Will was dreading going to school the next day. The student council insisted on having the students participate in something called Hush Hearts. All of the girls in the school would have paper hearts on necklaces given to them and they weren't allowed to speak to the

boys. If the girls did speak, then the boy who got her to speak was supposed to claim the heart. Even though The Party never participated in the Hush Hearts - it would ruin the party dynamics - Will couldn't stand watching everyone else in the school participate in it. He didn't understand why the whole school had to be pressured to participate in Valentine's Day.

Even worse were the dreaded sing-o-grams. Throughout the day, the school choir would go from classroom to classroom, interrupting lectures to pull a student to the front of the classroom and serenade them with a love song, which was usually paid for by a significant other. The student usually looked embarrassed while being sung to and it always made Will feel sick to his stomach for some reason. When he first saw someone get a sing-o-gram, Will told The Party that if any of them had ever bought a sing-o-gram for him, he would never forgive them. The Party had followed that rule to a T, even if they wondered why Will had that policy.

Will rolled over on his bed and groaned loudly into his pillow, hoping that Joyce and Jonathan wouldn't hear him. He was dreading the next day more than he usually did and it was bothering him. Why was this dreaded holiday making him feel so weird this year? He never participated in anything related to Valentine's Day. Even when he was in grade school, Will never liked to give out Valentine's to his classmates, knowing that most of them would simply throw out his gifts as soon as they got home. He only made an effort with Mike and later when Lucas and Dustin came along, but Will was glad when that tradition disappeared in middle school.

Will sat up. He leaned over to his nightstand and grabbed the phone that had been installed in his room right after starting high school. He dialed the number he knew by heart aside from his own and waited for someone to answer.

"Hello, Wheeler residence."

"Hi Mrs. Wheeler, this is Will."

"Hi there, Will, how are you doing tonight?"

"I'm doing all right. How are you?"

"Fine, thanks. Just getting a headstart on dinner for tomorrow night."

Will rolled his eyes.

"I bet it will taste amazing," he said, trying to keep his tone neutral.

"Oh, aren't you sweet?"

Will chuckled, picturing Mrs. Wheeler smiling at him like she always did. Will had always enjoyed Mrs. Wheeler's company, even if she was a bit uptight for his liking.

"It's true, Mrs. Wheeler, your meals always taste delicious."

"Thank you very much, Will," said Mrs. Wheeler. "Anyway, I'm sure you didn't call here to talk about tomorrow night's dinner. I'm guessing you'd like to talk to Mike?"

"Yeah, is he there?"

"He is, let me go open the basement door real quick."

Will heard the sound of high heels tapping against the kitchen floor of the Wheeler house. He grinned to himself as he pictured Mrs. Wheeler still wearing her heels in the house, even though she was making a meal. He heard Mrs. Wheeler shout Mike's name. A second later, Mike's voice came in through the phone.

"I got it, Mom!" Mike shouted in the background. His voice softened when he spoke to Will. "Hey, Will, what's up?"

"Oh, nothing, your Mom was just telling me that she was starting to make dinner for tomorrow night."

Mike scoffed.

"Yeah, she won't stop talking about it. It's getting pretty annoying." They both giggled. "Anyway, what's up?"

Will hesitated.

"Will? Everything okay?"

"I'm just dreading tomorrow. You know how I am with this godforsaken holiday."

Mike chuckled.

"Yeah, I know. Me too. I can't stand seeing all of the girls giggling as they try to avoid talking to the boys. Thank god El and Max don't participate in that. I have a feeling there'd be a lot of party in-fighting if they did."

"You're right about that," Will said. "Ugh, I kinda just wanna skip school tomorrow."

"Why would you do that?"

"So I can avoid seeing all of the bullshit fake love."

"Fake love?"

"Oh, come on, Mike," Will said impatiently. "You know most of the kids at school are only in relationships to show off. Lucas and Max are pretty much the exception to that, and so you were and El, but aside from that, it's all fake. And I really don't want to have to see all of that."

There was a beat before Mike responded.

"That's true, Will," he said in an even voice. "But, don't you want to be there if someone got you a little gift?"

Will scoffed.

"You mean like one of those bullshit sing-o-grams? You know I'd kill whoever would even *think* of buying me one of them."

"No, not one of those. God, I'd kill someone too if they did that. But, no, like something smaller. You know, like a box of chocolates or something?"

"Why would someone give *me* a box of chocolates?" Will asked incredulously. "I'm not dating anyone and I highly doubt anyone has a crush on me."

"You never know, Will. Maybe someone does."

"If you say so, Mike. I just really wish I could skip school tomorrow, but Mom would probably flay me alive if I did."

Mike laughed.

"Yeah, she definitely would. So am I gonna see you at school tomorrow? Because it'll be no fun watching Lucas give Max a gift at lunch tomorrow without you there to help us talk shit about them."

Will giggled, feeling lighter than he had all evening.

"Oh yeah, there's no way I'm missing that. Thanks for listening to me rant, Mike. I owe you one."

"Nah, you don't owe me anything, Will. If anything, I probably hate this holiday just as much as you do."

"Thank god, cause your heart eyes drive me bonkers."

"Haha, Byers," Mike said sarcastically.

Will despised his geometry class. Aside from having a teacher who was borderline incompetent, it was the only class he had that he didn't share with any of his friends. Luckily, it was the final class before lunch, and Will was practically starving. He kept glancing up at the clock, counting down the minutes until he could stop working on his homework and go join his friends at lunch.

With just five minutes left to go in class, the classroom door opened and a member of the student council walked into the room carrying a small bouquet of flowers. Will rolled his eyes and looked back down at his homework, and was solving a problem when the student spoke.

"Is there a Will Byers in here?" the student asked.

Will froze. Fear was creeping through his body as he saw all of the eyes in the room turn to him. He stared at his homework for a few seconds, but he couldn't see what was written down anymore because of how nervous he suddenly felt. Will looked up at the girl, who

smiled and walked over to him.

"These tulips are for you," she said brightly, holding out the bouquet for Will, who stared back at the girl, stony-faced. "Happy Valentine's Day!"

Will stared at the girl for a few seconds before he took the bouquet from her. He stared at the tulips as the girl smiled at him again and left the room. A million thoughts were racing through his mind: Who sent these flowers? Were they sent as a joke? Why did someone pick tulips? Did they represent something? What if The Party finds out? Shit, The Party cannot find out about this! I've got to hide them!

The bell rang, and the rest of the students stood up hurriedly. Will was slower to respond before he quickly opened his backpack and shoved the bouquet into it. He hurriedly grabbed his math book, and stormed out of the classroom as quickly as his feet would carry him, bound for his locker. Once at his locker, Will glanced around to make sure none of his friends were approaching to meet him as he pulled the bouquet out of his backpack.

Will looked around again, his breathing steadying as he realized none of his friends were around to see him hide the tulips. He quickly shoved the bouquet into his locker where they wouldn't disturb the rest of his school supplies before he grabbed his English book and slammed his locker door shut. Will's eyes darted around again, and he breathed a sigh of relief at seeing he was alone still.

He hurried into the lunchroom, and got in line to get his food. By the time he had gotten his lunch and paid for it, the rest of The Party had already gathered at their usual table.

"Hey Will, what kept you?" Mike asked as Will sat down next to him.

"Oh, nothing, just had to wait for people to get out of the way before I grabbed my English book," Will lied, saying the first thing that came to his mind.

Mike grinned at Will, buying his story. Will felt relieved.

"So, what's up, guys?" Will asked, trying to sound nonchalant.

"We were just waiting on you so Lukey bear can give Max her Valentine's Day gift," Dustin said in an amused tone.

"I hate to burst your bubbles, but you guys aren't going to see that this year," Lucas said triumphantly.

"Why not?" Mike demanded.

"Because we decided not to give our gifts in front of you losers this year," Max said.

"That's not fair!" Dustin protested.

"Yeah, we're supposed to see how cheesy you guys were with your gifts!" added Mike.

"I even helped you pick out your gift!" El said indignantly to Max.

Lucas and Max simply grinned as the three kept protesting at them. Will remained quiet, his mind too busy focusing on the mystery of the tulips bouquet. After several moments of bickering, Mike turned to Will, frowning.

"Will, you haven't said anything yet," he said gently.

Will shrugged.

"I mean, I'm not against not seeing Lucas fumble over his words as he hands Max her gift," he said.

Lucas and Max beamed at him.

"See, Will knows what's up!" Max said. "Now why can't the rest of you losers be like him?"

The argument continued, with Dustin being the most vocal of the group. Will silently ate his lunch, his mind racing the whole time. When he was nearly finished, he nudged Mike, who had stopped arguing with the others.

"Can you come over after school?" Will whispered so only Mike could hear him. "There's something I need to talk to you about. Privately."

"Of course," Mike whispered back, nodding.

Will paced his bedroom as he waited for Mike to arrive. Joyce and Jonathan had already left for their Valentine's Day dates, meaning Will and Mike would have the house to themselves while Will told him about the tulips. Will wasn't sure how to approach this, but he wanted Mike's opinion before he got it from anyone else in The Party. Not that he didn't value everyone else's opinions, but Mike was always one hundred percent honest with him, and would help him make sense of the gesture.

When there was a knock at the door, Will's breath hitched. He took a moment to regain his composure before he left his room and hurried to the front door.

"Hey!" Mike said brightly when Will opened the door.

"Hey, Mike," Will said, hoping he sounded enthusiastic, but knowing that he probably failed. Will hoped Mike didn't notice. Luckily, Mike didn't show it if he did.

Will silently led Mike into his bedroom. Mike sat down on the bed while Will remained standing, suddenly feeling nervous again. He didn't know where to start.

"Thanks for coming over," he said.

"Thanks for inviting me," Mike said with a smile. "I don't think I could stand being around Mom and Nancy while they gush over romance movies and a big fancy dinner."

Will chuckled weakly.

"Something up, Will?" Mike asked. "You look a little nervous about something."

"There's uh...something I need to...uh, talk to you about, Mike."

"What is it? You know you can tell me anything."

"Just promise me you won't make fun of me."

"Why would I make fun of you?"

"Please, just promise me, Mike," Will begged.

"Okay. I promise I won't make fun of you. Now, what's up?"

Will sighed as he picked up his backpack and opened it up. He hesitated before reaching inside.

"When I was in geometry right before lunch, I was working on my homework when someone from student council came in with a bouquet of flowers," Will explained. "I ignored her because I thought she was just gonna give them to someone, and I could move on with my day. The thing is," Will reached into his backpack and pulled out the bouquet of tulips, "they were for me."

Will held up the flowers to show them to Mike. Mike had a neutral expression on his face and didn't say anything. Will frowned at him.

"What do you think?" Will asked.

"Did you read the note?"

If there was a response Will was expecting, that certainly wasn't it. What note was Mike talking about? Did he know who sent Will the flowers?

"There's a note inside the bouquet," Mike said.

Will's heart started to race when he heard Mike say this. If Mike knew that a note was in the bouquet, that meant that Mike knew who sent Will the flowers. What if Mike had sent them? Will thought that was ludicrous, and had to suppress a laugh. He reached into the bouquet and saw a small piece of folded paper in it with the flowers. Will unfolded the paper, and gasped when he saw what was written inside.

Crazy Together.

Will glanced up at Mike, who was smiling at Will shyly, his face going red.

"You sent these?" Will asked.

Mike nodded, blushing deeper.

"Why?"

"Put them down and come sit next to me, Will," Mike said. "I want to talk to you normally without you standing up."

Will did as Mike told him, setting the bouquet down on his desk, and sitting down next to Mike on his bed as a bunch of thoughts raced through his mind.

"I don't understand, Mike," Will said once he was situated.

"Well, I wanted to do something special for you, Will," Mike said.

"But why?"

"Because that's what you *deserve*, Will. You're my best friend and we've been best friends for ten years now. I just wanted to do something special in honor of all of that."

"So you got me flowers?" Will asked, feeling warm on the inside at Mike's gesture.

Mike nodded.

"Do you know what tulips represent?" Will shook his head. "They represent love."

If Will thought he had been dreaming before this, he was certain of it now. Mike loves him? That can't be.

Will gulped.

"Love," he repeated in a tone barely louder than a whisper.

"That's right, Will," Mike said as he gently grabbed onto Will's hands and held them. "I love you, Will. And I have a feeling you feel the same way about me. Am I right?"

Will hesitated before he nodded. Mike's smile grew.

"I think I've always loved you, Will, from the moment we met all those years ago. When you said yes to being my friend on the playground, I felt my heart swell so much that I thought it was going to burst. You made me feel so happy, Will. I never want to lose that happiness. And as long as I have you by my side, I never will. You're the most wonderful person in the world, Will. You're the most important person in my life, and I just wanted to show you how much I care about you and love you."

Mike took a deep breath before he continued speaking.

"Now, I'm not saying we have to date or anything. I know that's hard in a town like this. But I am saying that even if we don't date, it doesn't matter to me, as long as we get to always be in each other's lives. You complete me, Will, and I never want to lose you. And I want you to know how happy you make me, and just how much I love you."

By now, Mike was crying as he spoke. Will could feel the tears threatening to fall down his own face as he took in all of Mike's words. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Mike loved him just like Will had always loved Mike. But hearing Mike's words and staring into Mike's eyes, Will knew he wasn't dreaming.

"Oh, Mike," Will said as he gripped Mike's hands tightly. "I can't believe you feel the same way about me that I feel about you. You've made me so happy, Mike. You always make me happy. I can't believe this isn't a dream!"

Will wrapped his arms around Mike and pulled him in for a hug as he dissolved into tears. Mike held him tightly, too, as Mike cried as well. They clung to each other like lifelines as they both let out their emotions, and Will knew for sure that this was real.

Finally, Mike broke the hug and wiped away his tears. Will mimicked him and smiled at Mike.

"Happy Valentine's Day to me, I guess," Will said with a chuckle.

Mike burst into a fit of giggles before he leaned forward, cupping Will's cheeks and pressed their lips together. The kiss was nothing

like Will imagined. It was a little messy, and he and Mike briefly bumped noses, but it made Will feel even happier than he already was. It felt to Will like he was coming home for the first time. He felt loved and protected in a way nobody else could make him feel. His heart melted as he and Mike kissed.

They broke apart, gasping for air, but they kept their faces close together, both of them smiling widely. Mike pressed their foreheads together.

"Crazy together, Willie."

Will's smile widened.

"Crazy together, Mikey."